

MISCELLANY.

The Southern Symbol.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

What, what is the true Southern symbol. The symbol of honor and right, The emblem that suits a brave people. In arms against the numbers and might? 'Tis the ever green stately magnolia. Its pearl flowers pure as the truth, Defiant of tempest and lightning, Its life a perpetual youth.

French blood stained with glory the lilies, While centuries marched to their grave, And over bold Scot and gay Irish The thistle and shamrock yet wave— Ours, ours be the noble magnolia, That only on Southern soil grows, The symbol of life everlasting.

Dear to us as England the rose.

Paint the flower on a field blue as Heaven, Let the broad leaves around it be seen, "Sempervirens" the elegant motto, Our colors the blue, white and green. Type of chivalry, loyalty, virtue, In winter and summer the same, Full of leaf, full of flower, full of vigor, It befits those who fight for a name.

For a name among earth's ancient nations, Yet more for the truth and the right, For freedom, for proud independence, The old strife of darkness and light, Round the world bear the flag of our glory, While the nations look on and admire, And our struggle, immortal in story, Shall the tree in all ages inspire.

UNDER THE MASK.

BY AN OLD ACTOR.

The play was over! "Othello" had never found such an exponent, and the plaudits of the public could hardly be controlled. Repeatedly must the hero make his acknowledgments to his enchanted admirers; and as he did so, his fine, manly face seemed to be suffused with intense joy; and well it might, for it was the first time that he had ever taken the chief part in the play as Othello himself.

For many years I had known him intimately, yet I never knew his history; that was his own. My first feelings were to rush behind the scenes and congratulate him on his grand success.

"What!" said I, "are you not happy, too?" and I gazed almost thunder-struck upon him as he stood in dark, deep thought, and then wiped his hand across his great high forehead, as if he would drive away some troublesome memory. He did not appear to notice my remark at first, but gradually he recovered his composure, and addressed me in his usual friendly manner.

"Do not be offended," said he, laughingly, "at my strange conduct. You know we actors are sometimes strange people. Our best friends themselves do not know our inner life. Nobody imagines that we have suffering and deep smarts, which we must always conceal from the world. We must often laugh when our hearts would break, and the plaudits of the public appear like death-knells to us. The public believe that we only play with suffering; that we only represent foreign misfortune, only give them a role which we have learned, with more or less feeling, and that we only feign love and jealousy, hate and despair. But he who has seen behind the scenes, as I have, knows full well that under the assumed appearance there is the deepest earnestness, the most fearful truth concealed. They do not think that the laughing, fun-making comedian can feel the pain of his sick child within his own heart, or think upon his wife whom he must leave upon her dying bed. Yes, we often represent our own life upon the stage; we repeat nearly word for word our own thoughts; we feel the same anguish, the same pain, which we must utter in brilliant words of poetry. And I will tell you myself the truth of what I have just spoken, which took place in my own experience. I was once an eyewitness to a scene which I can never forget. An actor played the part of a tender father, who related the death of his beloved child; and he became so convulsed that he sank upon the stage dead. He had, in truth, lost his only daughter but a few weeks before. The public thought he acted magnificently, and the curtain fell amid the thunders of applause, on a corpse."

"It is terrible," I cried, convulsively. "I can now imagine your own emotion that seized you in Othello. But have you the jealousy in your own heart that you act out on the boards?" He did not answer. Gently he took me by the arm, and we walked silently to his room. We sat down to supper, but hardly a word was uttered. At last he turned again to the subject which we had previously spoken of.

"I do not know," said he, "if I know the history of my youth. I will try and remember. I have told you, I think, that I am descended from poor parents, and I grew up surrounded only by poverty and distress. Like the Moor, I, too, belong to a foreign and despised race. Perhaps that may have enabled me to assume Othello's character easier. I know not. But I became an actor. My ambition has been gratified to-night. But I did not make myself. It was Othello. Othello is a part of my life—my existence—his love, his jealousy, his light and shade are my own. You tell me to relate my life. I will.

"After many early years of wandering in nearly all parts of the country, I found a regular engagement in the city of —, where I became introduced to a splendid society of distinguished fellow-actors, who had also engagements there. It was both a joy and a fortune to belong to such an establishment, and to be a worker among such representations as we had there. Every actor appeared to be inspired with zeal to do his best, and the public rewarded us by full houses and almost continued applause. For me it was really the school of my education, and I made such important progress in a very short time, that greater roles were entrusted to me, although I was only a young beginner, and had not won the name which afterward brought misfortune.

"Our director was an excellent character player, and he interested himself for me as much as he could, giving me every opportunity to enrich my repertoire and to develop my talents. The other members all showed themselves friendly and companionable. Especially did I feel drawn toward our manager, who was more distinguished for his culture and goodness of heart than for any brilliancy as an actor. Still I was fond of him, and he used to call me his son. He had a daughter also, who resembled her father in these qualities; and I was attracted to her more by her intellect and amiability than by her beauty and talent, and she loved me with all the pure inclination of a tender sister. The family became dearer to me every day, and many a time I thought real earnestly of taking the good Bertha home with me as my wife, although I had then but little real love toward her, and not so much as she deserved.

"Thus did I live, quiet and contented, in a circle of honored friends, busying myself in my profession, and finding myself, for the first time after my vagabond actor's life, in orderly relationship, among educated companions and good, amiable men. Those were happy days, and even to-day I often think of that beautiful, joyous time. But all vanished. "One day a new actress was introduced to our company. I saw her for the first time at rehearsal. I stood near her, and received an impression for my whole life. Anguste, for that was her name, combined the greatest beauty with an enchanting pleasantness of manner and rare gifts. She spoke to the actresses of God's grace to her, and impressed us all by her spirit. The first evening of her appearance was an event for the theatre. The public revelled, and I fell in love with the genial artist, and thought that I had really found my ideal. I was much engaged then, and often played in the same piece with her, and did not fail to come near her as often as possible. My advances were friendly received. I soon flattered myself that I possessed her heart, and soon she allowed me to accompany her to her home and visit her.

"Day by day our relations became closer and more intimate, and after a few weeks I considered myself the happiest man in the world, as I received a kiss from her ravishing lips for the first time, and heard the confession of her love. My happiness needed nothing but the blessing of the church, but Anguste put off the desired day under different pretexts.

"Our intended union, however, remained no secret. I received the congratulations of my colleagues, who appeared to envy me of my brilliant conquest, and the director wished me the greatest happiness, and not only renewed my contract, but essentially improved my relations. Only my good old friend, the manager, was not pleased with my choice, although he appeared just as kind as ever. But in spite of this, a certain coldness had sprung up between us, and of course I did not visit his family so often, as every free moment I gave to Anguste.

"But Anguste became constantly dearer to me, and my heart felt as if it could never attach itself to another. I loved her with a warmth which I had never before known; it was boundless, and I trusted her implicitly. A doubt as to her purity appeared to me as criminal, and my belief in her innocence was as perfect as in my own existence. And in that light she was looked on by all, for she had never given to the world any dishonor. The only opinion overheard of her was one of the purest morality and modesty, and her beautifully sad eyes and child-like smile helped to increase the trust in her."

A deep heart-sigh came from the actor; a deep shadow of fierceness swept over his noble face; he paused awhile as if to regain composure, and then continued: "At last Anguste appointed our marriage day. My feelings then cannot be expressed now. I procured a house in readiness for us both, and felt a childish joy as I watched every article of furniture brought in, and was perfectly beside myself when I pictured my leading my own Anguste to her home and making her the proud mistress of all. But in spite of all these preparations for our marriage, I did not neglect my own duties at the theatre. On the contrary, I surprised both the public and the director with extraordinary progress that I made. My love only seemed to increase my inspiration, and I felt an intense delight in even the most difficult role. One day, one of our hero-players was taken suddenly sick, and I was surprised by receiving a note from the manager, requesting me to take the sick actor's part as the chief role in "Othello," in which Anguste played the part of Desdemona.

"Although I felt highly honored by this selection, yet I undertook the appointed part with a certain reluctance. The character of the Moor was far from me then, and agreed neither with my voice nor myself. I knew no jealousy; I had never found the pangs of deceived love. And, indeed, when I came to the rehearsal of my part before the director, I saw that he was not perfectly pleased, and looked forward to only a modest reception on the boards. Anguste played her part of Desdemona enchantingly; but my own part was cold and lifeless in comparison. In the course of the rehearsal, she encouraged me more than once to give more fire and passion, and especially in the celebrated death scene, while she laughingly told me that I then must really believe her untrue. But the way in which she said this put me quite out of tune, and first awakened my discontent.

"I was filled with dark forebodings as I entered upon my task in the evening. The first scene closed without the least applause. I longed for the conclusion, for I felt deeply my own unsuccess. The fourth act came tediously along to my impatience, and at its conclusion Anguste came to me in order to give me an encouraging word. While she was speaking to me, she laid down her written role which she held in her hand, upon the table, where mine was also placed.

"When the signal was given, she left me very quickly in order to attire herself properly for the death scene, and in her haste changed both our roles. I observed the mistake, and would rectify it, but a piece of paper which fell out of her manuscript held me back. I picked it off the floor, and threw a hasty glance at the, to me, strange handwriting. A fearful suspicion pierced through my soul. I read the open letter. Now I could no longer doubt the unfaithfulness of my affianced. She had deceived me in the most shameless manner, and was expecting a well-known infamously fellow to meet her at an appointed rendezvous after the theatre was over.

"I can hardly describe my thoughts. The Moor's nature seized me. Revenge was my uppermost thought, and I felt that I could act the Moor's part now, perfectly. The thought came to take deep, certain revenge upon the shameless being, and with this feeling I stepped upon the stage for the final act. I uttered the fearful monologue of Othello's, n.w. with truth; I felt a wild glow, and hardly heard the rapturous applause that fell. Indeed, I heard nothing; a bloody mist hovered before my eyes; my brain was fired, and I knew neither what I would say or what I would do. I approached the bed.

"I see that beautiful form still, an embodied ideal of all beauty and loveliness; she reclined comfortably upon a silk cushion. A nature so glorious and enchanting it was, as God could only once make so beautiful, I thought. But my passion now swayed my reason. I had no longer control over my actions. "The view of the unfaithful one inflamed me anew, and unconsciously I clutched my dagger, which was no common theatrical one. Mechanically I closed the curtains after me, in order that the public might not see the horrid tragedy. I was alone with her, and nothing hindered me in carrying out my design. I had already seized the sharp weapon, neared the couch, and lifted up my arm to strike the murderous blow, but I felt it suddenly arrested. Before me stood my true friend, the manager, who snatched quickly away the dagger from my uplifted hand before Desdemona, or rather Anguste, had a presentiment of her threatened fate. He had observed me narrowly, my altered mien, my sudden passion, my unusual wildness—the change in my acting had been remarked by the experienced man. He had sympathizingly followed my movements, and as I drew my dagger in order to stab Desdemona before the time written by the dramatist, he believed that it was a mistake on my part, and therefore he sprang to hinder me from a supposed failure. He little thought that his unexpected appearance between us saved me from becoming a criminal, and, perhaps, saved me from the scaffold."

"And what of Anguste? Where is she?" I asked. "She went, like many others, to ruin. Her moral power totally failed; she sank deeper and deeper, and at last, in consequence of her irregular life, died a consumptive. I never saw her afterwards, and I do not think she ever knew the danger to which she was once exposed. My only revenge consisted in sending the letter with my card to her the following morning. My love was cured, but at the cost of my dearest hopes and my most beautiful illusions. Othello is still my favorite role. I love it as a mother loves her child. My misfortune developed my talents, and through Othello I became an actor. As often as I play that part, however, I am seized with the old feelings. The picture of that fearful evening stands before my soul. I feel the same inspiration of that dread jealousy, and the curtain falls amid glorious, rapturous applause.

INGENUOUS CHARADES.—A novel plan of drawing-room charades is thus described by a participant: "The curtain of the back drawing-room was drawn aside, and we were rather surprised to see nothing but a wooden rocking-horse on the temporary stage. We were told to guess an island in the Greek Archipelago. After some demur, one individual, brighter than the rest, exclaimed "Delos—deal horse." Right. The curtain fell, and, after a pause, rose again, displaying to the astonished lookers-on the very identical, irrepressible rocking-horse, with his head in the contrary direction. We were told to guess another island in the Greek Archipelago. There was a dead silence. Some one vainly suggested "Chios," mispronounced "shy horse," but that would not do, for the "deal horse" was as steady as old time. At length a small boy, late from school, exclaimed "Samos," and it was the "same horse." The curtain fell amidst roars of laughter. The next scene was a portly gentleman of middle age, who was met by a young girl, who said "Doctor, I am glad to meet you." A word of five syllables. Give it up. "Metaphysician—met a physician." The curtain fell, and was again drawn up only to exhibit the same portly gentleman and the girl meeting again. A word of three syllables. "Metaphor—met afore" was the solution.

TO CLEAN WHITE KIDS.—A lady friend gives us a suggestion that will save thousands, and is especially valuable to those whose circumstances in life demand economy. To clean white or colored kid gloves, put them on and rub them well with corn meal. This persisted in for a few minutes will render them nearly as good as new. Try it, young miss, before throwing away a pair after the first wearing.

A PUZZLER.—A married lady lately consulted her lawyer on the following question, namely: "As I wedded Mr. Smith for his wealth, and that wealth is now spent, am I not, to all intents and purposes, a widow, and at liberty to marry again?"

A philosopher has discovered that men don't object to be over-rated, except by assessors.

"That Cough will Kill you!" Try "COSTAR'S" Cough Remedy. "Colds and Hoarseness lead to death."

Try "COSTAR'S" Cough Remedy. "For Groups—Whooping Coughs, &c."

Try "COSTAR'S" Cough Remedy. "COSTAR'S" is the best in the wide world. And if he says so—its True—its True—its True; and we say Try it—Try it—Try it.

["Morning Paper, August 26. All Druggists in COLUMBIA sell it."

"COSTAR'S" STANDARD PREPARATIONS ARE HIS BEAUTIFIER!

THE Bitter-Sweet and Orange Blossoms. One Bottle, \$1.00—Three for \$2.00.

BUCKTHORN SALVE! HIS

"COSTAR'S" Rat, Roach, &c., Exterminator. "COSTAR'S" Bed-Bug Exterminator. "COSTAR'S" (only pure) Insect Powder. "Only infallible 16-modes known."

"18 years established in New York." "2,000 Boxes and Flasks manufactured daily."

"Beware!!! of spurious imitations." "All Druggists in COLUMBIA sell them." Address "COSTAR," 10 Crosby street, N. Y. Sold in Columbia, S. C., Utica, &c.

April 4 (dec 22) by E. E. JACKSON.

Stockholders' Meeting Columbia and Augusta Railroad Co.

A MEETING of the Stockholders of the Columbia and Augusta Railroad Company is hereby called, to be held at Columbia, South Carolina, on WEDNESDAY, the 7th day of July next, at 12 M., to consider the question of approving the consolidation of the Company with the Charlotte and South Carolina Railroad Company, and the terms of such consolidation.

May 30 WM. JOHNSTON, President.

Stockholders' Meeting Charlotte and South Carolina R. R. Co.

A MEETING of the Stockholders of the Charlotte and South Carolina Railroad Company is hereby called to be held at the city of Columbia, South Carolina, on WEDNESDAY, the 7th day of July next, at 12 o'clock M., to consider the question of approving the consolidation of the Company with the Columbia and Augusta Railroad Company, and the terms of such consolidation.

May 30 WM. JOHNSTON, President.

FROM 4 TO 350 Horse Power including the celebrated "Cut-off" Engines, Shafting, Pulleys, &c., &c. Also, Circular, Mangle, Gang Saw Mills, Sugar Cane Mills, Shuffling, Pulleys, &c., &c. Lath and Shingle Mills, Wheat and Corn Mills, Circular, &c. Send for descriptive Circular and Price List.

Steam Engine Company, Utica, New York. March 24 Gmo.

Arrivals. PURE CIDER VINEGAR, for table and pickling purposes, the same quality which my customers have heretofore pronounced "the best we have ever used."

White Wine Vinegar—warranted. Orange Brand HAMS—above commendation. Bologna Sausages, Dressed Codfish. For sale by GEO. SYMMERS.

June 1 Notice. PARTIES wanting REAPERS, THRESHING MACHINES, &c., will do well to make their orders and inquiries at once. Prices from \$50 to \$500, at Factory.

MEH 11 FISHER, LOWRANCE & FISHER.

Iron. SWEDISH IRON, 1 1/2, 1 3/4, 2 1/4, 3, 3 1/2, 5, 6, 7, 10 inches.

Band Iron, English Iron, Hoop Iron. Sheet Iron. 2,000 Hoes, of all kinds. 200 Pairs Trace Chains.

FISHER, LOWRANCE & FISHER. Gibbes & Thomas, Real Estate Agents.

OFFER their services to the public as GENERAL LAND AGENTS. Will buy and sell lands, and other property, on commission. No charges until sales are effected. JAMES G. GIBBES, JOHN P. THOMAS, WADE HAMPTON GIBBES.

Jan 19 Wine Bottles. 20 GROSS Wine Bottles, for sale by Feb 14 E. & G. D. HOPE.

Champagne. JUST received a consignment of the following choice brands: LAC D'OR, C. Heideck and Creme de Bouzy. For sale low to close. GEO. SYMMERS.

Light! Light!! Light!!! SAFETY and Economy combined, by using the CRESCENT GAS GENERATOR and CRESCENT OIL. This Oil is non-explosive and gives a brilliant light, without the use of lamp chimneys, or the trouble of cleaning them. Kerosene Lamps altered to use the Crescent Oil and Gas Generator, at a trifling expense. For further information and a supply of Crescent Oil and Gas Generator, apply to J. & T. R. AGNEW.

Fresh Supplies. Dutch HERRINGS. Fresh Country and Mountain BUTTER. Pink-Eye and Peach-Blow Planting Potatoes. Fine Goshen CHEESE, at G. DIERCKS.

Jan 23 AT the Sign of the Watch. ROSADALIS Purifies the Blood.

For Sale by Druggists Everywhere. THE NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY will insure \$1,000, at the following rates:

Age 25—\$14.50. " 30—16.50. " 35—19.40. " 40—23.30. " 45—28.85. " 50—36.65.

All other companies charge 10 to 50 per cent more. Before you insure, examine your policy. E. H. HEINTZ.

Feb 27 Agent for South Carolina. The Reynolds Patent Plow.

HAVING made arrangements with Messrs Wm. Glaze & Co. for the manufacture and exclusive sale of this justly celebrated PLOW, we are prepared to offer them to the country on good terms. Good tools will always be found a good investment.

Feb 28 FISHER, LOWRANCE & FISHER. Butter and Cheese. 10 TUBS Choice GOSHEN BUTTER, 20 Boxes Prime CHEESE.

Just received by steamer and for sale by April 27 J. & T. R. AGNEW.

"IN THIS SGN I CONQUER." HEINTZ'S

QUEEN'S DELIGHT THE CROWNING GLORY OF MEDICINE AND THE WONDER OF MODERN SCIENCE.

THE WAVING BANNER OF HEALTH SPREADS TRIUMPHANT OVER THE LAND.

A Great and Good Medicine. THE NEW THEORY OF HEALTH.

THE LIFE of all Flesh is Blood—the Health of all Flesh is Purity of Flesh—without Purity of Blood no Flesh can be free from Disease.

HEINTZ'S QUEEN'S DELIGHT AN ANTIDOTE TO DISEASE.

Great American Allergive and Blood Purifier! For the Cure of all Diseases which may be traced to a vitiated condition of the Blood.

The Theory is that Blood is the Life of all Flesh, and if impure, the Life of all Disease. Life and Health is only to be maintained by the circulation of pure arterial blood.

Such as Scrofula, Rheumatism, Hepatic Disorders, Indurated Testes, Liver Complaint, Consumption, King's Evil, Boils, Itching Humors of Skin, Catarrhes, Erysipelas, Tetter, Skin Diseases, Fungus, Roughness of Skin, Blisters, Pain in Joints, Old Ulcers, Syphilis and Syphilitic sores, Indigestion, Inflammation of Bladder and Kidneys, Pains in Back, General Debility, and all complaints arising from deficiency and poverty of Blood.

HEINTZ'S QUEEN'S DELIGHT Is the Wonder of Modern Science.

No medicine has attained such a world-wide reputation as this justly celebrated compound. Its extraordinary healing powers are attested by thousands, and every mail is freighted with letters bearing testimony to its excellent character and worth as a medicine. Orders are coming in from all quarters, and all bear unmistakable evidence of its great popularity. Be sure and ask for

"HEINTZ'S QUEEN'S DELIGHT," And see that his name is on it. Look out and avoid base imitations. FISHER & HEINTZ, Wholesale Agents, April 18 Columbia, S. C.

Drop in at the Carolina House. O.N. Washington street, near Main, and sample the compounds dispensed—genuine liquors; no fusel oil or damaging mixtures. "Seeing is believing," but tasting is the real test. R. BARRY, Proprietor.

The Pollock House. THIS first class RESTAURANT is located on Main street, a few doors from Washington. Is furnished with the best WINES, LIQUORS, LAGER, etc. OYSTERS and GAME in season. Comfortable rooms added for private dinner and supper parties. A hall is also fitted up with Billiard ROOM in the second story, with Sharpe's improved tables.

Jan 14 T. M. POLLOCK, Proprietor. EXCELSIOR. Prompt, Cheap and Accurate.

ESTABLISHED MARCH, 1865. THE PHOENIX Book, Job and Newspaper Power Press PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT!

Main Street, near Taylor. COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE proprietor is constantly making EXTENSIVE ADDITIONS to his large stock of material—Type, Presses, Colored Ink, Paper, Cards, etc., introducing LATEST STYLES, and is fully prepared to undertake any and every thing in the PLAIN and FANCY

PRINTING LINE, From a Good Press to a mass volume of 30 ft. Posters. The following are the instruments:

The proprietor is a Practical Printer, and attends to all his business.

Not to be supplied with anything without orders.

Price lower than any other establishment in this State and New York.

Advertisements, Circulars, Bill Boards, Cards, Ball Tickets, Programs, Receipts, Hand-bills, Letter Heads, Posters, Checks, Drafts, Labels, Wedding, Visiting and Business Cards, &c., of all styles and sizes at low prices.

Any and Every Description of Printing! In one, two, three Colors and Bronze, promptly attended to.

May 28 JULIAN A. SELBY, Proprietor. Old Newspapers, FOR Wrapping and Pattern Cutting, for sale at the PHOENIX OFFICE.

C. & S. C. and O. & A. R. B. Co.'s Gen'l Freight and Ticket Agent's Office.

COLUMBIA, S. C., MAY 27, 1869. ON and after the 8th June inst., Passenger Trains will leave Spartanburg C. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 5 a. m., and arrive at Alton 11:30 a. m. Returning same days, leave Alton at 12:30 p. m.; arrive at Spartanburg Court House 7:00 p. m., as per following Schedule:

Do not Train. Up Train. Miles. Arrive. Leave. Arrive. Leave.

Spartanburg 6 5:00 7:00 6:15 8:15

Pacolet 10 5:45 7:45 6:15 8:15

Jonesville 19 6:25 8:25 6:50 8:50

Unionville 28 7:15 9:15 7:40 9:40

Santee 37 8:23 10:23 8:30 10:30

Shelton 48 9:23 11:23 9:25 11:25

Lyles Ford 52 9:49 11:49 9:50 11:50

Strother 56 10:14 12:14 1:42 3:42

Alton 65 11:30 1:30 1:45 3:45

June 7 THOS. B. JETER, President.

THE GREAT THROUGH ROUTE, CARRYING THE United States Mail and Adams Express. FOR THE NORTH.

NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD, in direct line to Petersburg, Richmond, Portsmouth, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

Also, To the North-west and West, via Raleigh, Charlotte, Columbia and Bay Line. This is a safe and expeditious route for Through travel.

Through Tickets sold at: New Orleans, Charleston, Richmond, Mobile, Montgomery, Columbia, Portsmouth, Macon, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Charlotte, Augusta, Petersburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Atlanta, New York, Greensboro, Louisville, Raleigh, Salisbury, ARE GOOD ON THIS ROUTE. St. Louis, The North Carolina Railroad connects with the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, Richmond and Danville Railroad, Western North Carolina Railroad, Charlotte and South Carolina Railroad.

The comfort of passengers consulted—their baggage checked through and duly cared for.

ELEGANT COACHES AND PALACE SLEEPING CARS. Attached: Good water; no ferry nor trestle-works, and the entire management of the Road so as to secure a Safe, Agreeable and Quick travel.

April 30th A. ALBERT JOHNSON, Superintendent.

THE CENTRAL SHORT LINE. SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, CHARLOTTE & S. C. AND C. & A. R. R. COLUMBIA, S. C., April 10, 1869.

The following is the SCHEDULE for the NEW CENTRAL SHORT LINE. Connections sure to all points North, South, West.

Going North. Leaving 8:50 am. Arrive 4:45 pm.

Leave 8:50 am. Arrive 4:45 pm. Leave 9:00 pm. Arrive 5:15 pm.

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